

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY
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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor, Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as a preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was using for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left. Blake returned safely. Winthrop wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scolded by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"To be sure, the Japanese eat raw fish," admitted Winthrop.

"Yes; and you'd swallow your share of it if you had an invite to a swell dinner in Tokyo. Go on now, both of you. It's no joke, I tell you. You've got to eat, if you expect to get to water before night. Understand? See that headland south? Well, it's 100 to 1 we'll not find water short of there, and if we make it by night, we'll be doing better than I figure from the looks of these bogs. Now go to chewing. That's it! That's fine, Miss Jenny!"

Miss Leslie had forced herself to take a nibble of the raw fish. The flavor proved less repulsive than she had expected, and its moisture was so grateful to her parched mouth that she began to eat with eagerness. Not to be outdone, Winthrop promptly followed her lead. Blake had already cut himself a second slice. After he had cut more for his companions, he began to look them over with a closeness that proved embarrassing to Miss Leslie.

"Here's more of the good stuff," he said. "While you're chewing it, we'll sort of take stock. Everybody shell out everything. Here's my outfit—three shillings, half a dozen poker chips, and not another blessed—Say, what's become of that whisky flask? have you seen my flask?"

"Here it is, right beside me, Mr. Blake," answered Miss Leslie. "But it is empty."

"Might be worse! What you got?—hairpins, watch? No pocket, I suppose?"

"None; and no watch. Even most of my pins are gone," replied the girl, and she raised her hand to her loosely coiled hair.

"Well, hold on to what you've got left. They may come in for fish-hooks. Let's see your shoes."

Miss Leslie slowly thrust a slender little foot just beyond the hem of her dragged white skirt.

"Good Lord!" groaned Blake, "slippers, and high heels at that! How do you expect to walk in those things?"

"I can at least try," replied the girl, with spirit.

"Hobble! Pass 'em over here, Winthrop, my boy."

The slippers were handed over. Blake took one after the other and wrenched off the heel close to its base.

"Now you've at least got a pair of slippers," he said, tossing them back to their owner. "Tie them on tight with a couple of your ribbons, if you don't want to lose them in the mud. Now, Winthrop, what you got beside the knife?"

Winthrop held out a bunch of long flat keys and his cigarette case. He opened the latter and was about to throw away the two remaining cigarettes when Blake grasped his wrist.

"Hold on! even they may come in for something. We'll at least keep them until we need the case."

"And the keys?"

"Make arrow-heads, if we can get fire."

"I've heard of savages making fire by rubbing wood."

"Yes; and we're a long way from being savages—at present. All the show we have is to find some kind of quartz or flint, and the sooner we start to look the better. Got your slippers tied, Miss Jenny?"

"Yes; I think they'll do."

"Think! It's knowing the thing. Here, let me look."

The girl shrank back; but Blake stooped and examined first one slipper and then the other. The ribbons about both were tied in dainty bows. Blake jerked them loose and twisted them firmly over and under the slippers and about the girl's slender ankles before knotting the ends.

"There; that's more like. You're not going to a dance," he growled.

He thrust the empty whisky flask into his hip pocket and went back to pass a sling of reeds through the gills of the corymbene.

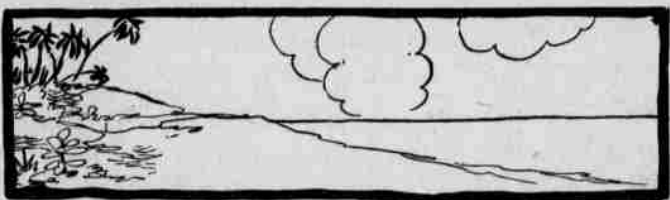
"All ready now," he called. "Let's get a move on. Keep my coat closer about your shoulders, Miss Jenny, and keep your shade up, if you don't want a sunstroke."

"Thank you, Blake, I'll see to that," said Winthrop. "I'm going to help Miss Leslie along. I've fastened our two shades together, so that they will answer for both of us."

"How about yourself, Mr. Blake?" inquired the girl. "Do you not find the sun fearfully hot?"

"Sure; but I wet my head in the sea, and here's another source."

As he rose with dripping head from beside the pool he slung the corymbene



Stopped, Utterly Spent.

on his back and started off without further words.

CHAPTER IV.

A Journey in Desolation.



MORNING was well advanced and the sun beat down upon the three with almost overpowering fierceness. The heat would have rendered their thirst unendurable had not Blake hacked off for them bit after bit of the moist corymbene flesh.

In a temperate climate ten miles over firm ground is a pleasant walk for one accustomed to the exercise. Quite a different matter is ten miles across mud-flats, covered with a tangle of reeds and rushes, and frequently dipping into salt marsh and ooze. Before they had gone a mile Miss Leslie would have lost her slippers had it not been for Blake's forethought in tying them so securely. Within a little more than three miles the girl's strength began to fail.

"Oh, Blake," called Winthrop, for the American was some yards in the lead, "pull up a bit on that knoll. We'll have to rest a while, I fancy. Miss Leslie is about pegged."

"What's that?" demanded Blake.

"We're not halfway yet!"

Winthrop did not reply. It was all he could do to drag the girl up on the hummock. She sank, half-fainting, upon the dry reeds, and he sat down beside her to protect her with the shade. Blake stared at the miles of swampy flats which yet lay between them and the out-jutting headland of gray rock. The base of the cliff was screened by a belt of trees; but the nearest clump of green did not look more than a mile nearer than the headland.

"Hell!" muttered Blake, despondently. "Not even a short four miles. Mush and sassety girls!"

Though he spoke to himself the others heard him. Miss Leslie flushed and would have risen had not Winthrop put his hand on her arm.

"Could you not go on and bring back a flask of water for Miss Leslie?" he asked. "By that time she will be rested."

"No; I don't fetch back any flasks of water. She's going when I go, or you can come on to suit yourselves."

"Mr. Blake, you won't go and leave me here! If you have a sister—if your mother—"

"She died of drink, and both my sisters did worse."

"My God, man! do you mean to say you'll abandon a helpless young girl?"

"Not a bit more helpless than were my sisters when you rich folks' guardians of law and order juggled me for the winter 'cause I didn't have a job and turned both girls into the street—onto the street, if you know what that means—one only 16 and the other 17. Talk about helpless young girls—Damnation!"

Miss Leslie cringed back as though she had been struck. Blake, however, seemed to have vented his anger in

the curse, for when he again spoke there was nothing more than impatience in his tone. "Come on, now; get aboard. Winthrop couldn't lug you a half-mile, and long's it's the only way don't be all-day about it. Here, Winthrop, look to the fish."

"But, my dear fellow, I don't quite take your idea, nor does Miss Leslie, I fancy," ventured Winthrop.

"Well, we've got to get to water or die; and as the lady can't walk she's going on my back. It's a case of have-to."

"No! I am not—I am not! I'd sooner die!"

"I'm afraid you'll find that easy enough later on, Miss Jenny. Stand by, Winthrop, to help her up. Do you hear? Take the knife and fish and lend a hand."

There was a note in Blake's voice that neither Winthrop nor Miss Leslie dared disregard. Though scarlet with mortification, she permitted herself to be taken pick-a-back upon Blake's broad shoulders and meekly obeyed his command to clasp her hands about his throat. Yet even at that moment, such are the inconsistencies of human nature, she could not but admire the ease with which he rose under her weight.

Now that he no longer had the slow pace of the girl to consider, he advanced at his natural gait, the quick, tireless stride of an American railroad surveyor. His feet, trained to swamp travel in Louisiana and Panama, seemed to find the firmest ground as by instinct, and whether on the half-dried mud of the hummocks or in the ankle-deep water of the bogs, they felt their way without slip or stumble.

Winthrop, though burdened only with the half-eaten corymbene, toiled along behind, greatly troubled by the mud and the tangled reeds, and now and then fung down by some unlucky misstep. His modish suit, already much damaged by the salt water, was soon smeared afresh with a coating of greenish slime. His one consolation was that Blake, after jerking at his first tumble, paid no more attention to him. On the other hand, he was cut by the seeming indifference of Miss Leslie. Intent on his own misery, he failed to consider that the girl might be suffering far greater discomfort and humiliation.

More than three miles had been covered before Blake stopped on a hummock. Releasing Miss Leslie, he stretched out on the dry crest of the knoll and called for a slice of the fish. At his urging the others took a few mouthfuls, although their throats were so parched that even the moist flesh afforded scant relief. Fortunately for them all, Blake had been thoroughly trained to endure thirst. He rested less than ten minutes; then taking Miss Leslie up again like a rag doll, he swung away at a good pace.

The trees were less than half a mile distant when he halted for the second time. He would have gone to them without a pause, though his muscles were quivering with exhaustion, had not Miss Leslie chanced to look around and discover that Winthrop was no longer following them. For

the last mile he had been lagging farther and farther behind, and now he had suddenly disappeared. At the girl's dismayed exclamation, Blake released his hold and she found herself standing in a foot or more of mud and water. The sweat was streaming down Blake's face. As he turned around, he wiped it off with his shirt-sleeves.

"Do you—can it be, Mr. Blake, that he has had a sunstroke?" asked Miss Leslie.

"Sunstroke? No; he's just laid down, that's all. I thought he had more sand—confound him!"

"But the sun is so dreadfully hot, and I have his shade."

"And he's been tumbling into every other pool. No; it's not the sun. I've half a mind to let him lie—the paper-legged swell! It would no more than square our aboard-ship accounts."

"Surely, you would not do that, Mr. Blake! It may be that he has hurt himself in falling."

"In this mud?—bah! But I guess I'm in for the pack-mule stunt all around. Now, now; don't yowl, Miss Jenny. I'm going. But you can't expect me to love the snob."

As he splashed away on the return trail, Miss Leslie dabbed at her eyes to check the starting tears.

"Oh, dear—Oh, dear!" she moaned; "what have I done to be so treated? Such a brute. Oh, dear!—and I am so thirsty!"

In her despair she would have sunk down where she stood had not the sliminess of the water repelled her. She gazed longingly at the trees, in the fore of which stood a grove of stately palms. The half-mile seemed an insuperable distance, but the ride on Blake's back had rested her and thirst goaded her forward.

Stumbling and slipping she waded on across the inundated ground, and came out upon a half-baked mud-flat, where the walking was much easier. But the sun was now almost directly overhead, and between her thirst and the heat she soon found herself faltering. She tottered on a few steps farther, and then stopped, utterly spent. As she sank upon the dried rushes she glanced around and was vaguely conscious of a strange, double-headed figure following her path across the marsh. All about her became black.

The next she knew Blake was splashing her head and face with brackish water out of the whisky flask. She raised her hand to shield her face, and sat up, sick and dizzy.

"That's it!" said Blake. He spoke in a kindly tone, though his voice was harsh and broken with thirst. "You're all right now. Pull yourself together and we'll get to the trees in a jiffy."

"Mr. Winthrop—"

"I'm here, Miss Genevieve. It was only a wretched ankle. If I had a stick, Blake, I fancy I could make a go of it over this drier ground."

"And lay yourself up for a month. Come, Miss Jenny, brace up for another try. It's only a quarter-mile, and I've got to pack him."

The girl was gasping with thirst; yet she made an effort, and, assisted by Blake, managed to gain her feet. She was still dizzy; but as Blake swung Winthrop upon his back, he told her to take hold of his arm. Winthrop held the shade over her head. Thus assisted, and sheltered from the direct heat of the sun-rays, she tottered along beside Blake, half-unconscious.

Fortunately the remaining distance lay across a stretch of bare dry ground, for even Blake had all but reached the limit of endurance. Step by step he labored on, staggering under the weight of the Englishman and gasping with a thirst which his exertions rendered even greater than that of his companions. But through the trees and brush which stretched away inland in a wall of verdure he had caught glimpses of a broad stream and the hope of fresh water called out every ounce of his reserve strength.

At last the nearest palm was only a few paces distant. Blake clutched Miss Leslie's arm and dragged her forward with a rush in a final outburst of energy. A moment later all three lay gasping in the shade. But the river was yet another 100 yards distant. Blake waited only to regain his breath; then he staggered up and went on. The others, unable to rise, gazed after him in silent misery.

Soon Blake found himself rushing through the jungle along a broad trail pitted with enormous footprints; but he was so near mad with thirst that he paid no heed to the sporadic other than to curse the holes for the trouble they gave him. Suddenly the trail turned to the left and sloped down a low bank into the river. Blind to all else, Blake ran down the slope and dropping upon his knees plunged his head into the water.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Faith and Hope.

Mayme—If you don't love him why are you going to marry him?

Maybelle—Oh, I expect to love him after we are married. He has promised that on the morning of our wedding day he will shave off his dinky little French beard.

NEW WORK FOR MEN

Taxi-Governess and Doorman-Nurse Appear in Gotham.

They Keep Watch Over the Childrer Who Dwell in Big Hotels and Apartment Houses, and Earn Considerable Money.

New York.—Here are the newest servitors up to date—the taxi-governess and the doorman-nurse!

It isn't a joke, either. Of course, these new-fangled children's attendants don't wear indicators that run up a bill while you wait, but they do look out for the youngsters whose fortune it is to dwell in the big hotels and apartment houses uptown.

In these fastidious days the taxi-starter and the doorman are features in front of every well-regulated hotel and apartment that wants to be strictly to the manner born. Now, they aren't opening cab doors all the time, and the parents who dwell upstairs know that. And the youngsters must play. But the great caravansaries have no playgrounds for the children. Perforce they must go to the street.

That's where the taxi-starter and the doorman comes in. It's their job to see that the kiddies come to no harm. Of course, many of them have their governesses or their nurses, but others have not. Consequently, the outside force of the house is pressed into service. They are asked to watch the children even to amuse them.

Some of the taxicab starters and doormen have stated hours for each child or group of children. They will begin immediately after breakfast with two or three, and join in their little games and romping until the youngsters tire and turn their attention to something else. Then the men call up another mother and take her children for an hour. At some of the apartment houses uptown, where there are taxicab stands or doormen, the men are busy almost continuously until the children go to bed.

They have to keep an eye on the door, but that doesn't prevent them from running up and down the sidewalk, playing tag and ball, or indulging in any of the other children's pastimes. Incidentally they make a neat little sum in tips every week from the doting parents.

At one big apartment hotel on upper Broadway the taxicab starter and



One of the "Nurses" and His Charge.

doorman look after no less than 25 children every day in this manner.

The little ones whose families are spending the summer in town have regular hours when they can romp in front of the hotel with their big "nurses." The parents have implicit confidence in their guardians, and leave the little fellows to be amused for two or three hours at a time.

Sometimes as many as eight or ten will be playing in front of the hotel at once under the watchful eyes of the doorman and taxicab starter. Two of the kiddies may have their dogs, others will be playing tag or marbles, while the little girls are skipping rope or playing with their dollies.

For the children of the rich who have to spend their summer, or even part of it, in the city, the taxicab starters and doormen are a boon.

Their parents like it, for they have a real "nurse" on the co-operative plan. And the hotels can't complain, because it means satisfied patrons at a season when patrons are hard to get.

Baby Is Born with Wings.

Roanoke, Va.—A report comes from Montgomery county that a woman there has given birth to a child with wings instead of arms. A Roanoke man who recently returned from a trip to that country in a wagon tells the story. A young woman asked for a ride and was accommodated. She related having just left a home where a baby was born with feathered wings. The young woman declared that she knew the truth of the statement, having seen the child. The baby, she said, made a noise like a chicken.

Finda Mastodon's Teeth on Farm.

Mount Holly, N. J.—Finding 22 large teeth and making enough excavations to satisfy him that the skull and other parts were there, Jonathan H. Kelsey, a Pemberton lawyer, believes that he has discovered the remains of an extinct mastodon buried on the Walter Antrim farm in Springfield township. In reaching this conclusion he has notified the New Jersey State Geological society that all rights to make further excavations have been reserved for it.

As It Should Be.
"Trusts beget monopolies," remarked the married philosopher.
"For example?" queried the bachelor.

"Well," replied the married philosopher, "when a girl feels she can trust a man she wants a monopoly on him."

Not So Easy.
Binks—Someone told me that Coyner was well to do.
Jinks—Well, isn't he?
Binks—I should say not. I couldn't do him.

Kind of Husband He Was.
A kindly lady who lives in New Jersey evinces great interest in the personal welfare of her servants, an interest which led her not long since to make inquiry of a new maid of all work touching the latter's domestic felicities.

"I understand, Nora," said she, "that you have a model husband."
"Shure, mum, he's the finest a gyuri could have," was the enthusiastic response. "If ye could see the way he treats me, mum, ye'd be after sayin' he was a frind instid of a husband."—Harper's Weekly.

Public the Best Censor.
A frankly impossible play would never be entertained by a sensible manager. If it were, the manager who produced it would have to take the risks. The play would speedily come to an end for the reason that the public will not support a play that is morally repellant to it.—London Stage.

Abundantly.
"So, Miss de Breeze, you're writing a story, and went to that summer resort to get what you call the local color. Did you get it?"
"Did I? You ought to see my arms from the elbows down!"

How England Got New Zealand.
How New Zealand became a British possession is one of the romances of colonization. Seventy years ago it was a sort of no man's land, but it leaked out that France contemplated annexation. There was a race from Sydney between a British and a French man-of-war, the former winning by a few hours and securing New Zealand for the British crown. A few years previously a French adventurer, Baron de Thierry, at the head of 100 followers, whom he had recruited in Sydney, had proclaimed himself "king of New Zealand," but the baron had not sufficient funds to maintain a monarchy. His subjects deserted and his reign collapsed.—London Chronicle.

Not So Wide of the Mark, Either.
The class had taken up the subject of the rulers of the world. The president of the United States, the king of England and their powers and functions had been discussed.

Suddenly the teacher said, "Now, Willie, what's a kaiser?"

"A kaiser," replied the absent-minded Willie, whose long suit was geography instead of political history, "is a stream of hot water springing up and disturbin' the earth."—Lippincott's.

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